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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington—Fair and warmer.

THE FUGITIVE MURDERER.

With three human lives sacrificed to his murderous instinct, fleeing through the remote and lonely fastnesses of the river hills of the Willamette valley, hotly pursued by armed posses headed by determined and resolute officers eager for his capture under any conditions, Frank Smith, the Oregon City murderer is still alive and lusting for such other lives as shall be thrust across his path. The courage of the man has become a madness unimaginable and his life, now utterly valueless even if he secures it scot-free, a mere span of misery and dread, to be sacrificed either to the law or the consuming conscience of one in his condition. The state of such a man is inconceivable wretched and reveals in all its hideousness, the primal brute in the man. His hot flight is a menace as it lasts. He will kill, and kill, he is captured, or until some accidental injury lays him low. He has limitations of the law's command should be shot to death or parley or the loss of some times and circumstances may be trans-justification: cures when success-Smith ate

wealthy corporation that the people of this community have had to contend with, and is one to be met by them in the same cold-blooded manner in their dealings with that company, not only in having freight come by that company's vessels to Eureka, but also in having our mills furnish that company's trips with lumber from the port for transportation to San Francisco.

In the light of such developments, it is easy to be seen that the charge of \$25 for a round trip ticket from Eureka to San Francisco was only another case of holdup and not as given out, a desire on the part of the company to protect itself, for if such was the only object, it could readily have sold nothing but round trip tickets at its schedule of prices advertised, \$18.50.

How different was the action taken by George D. Gray & Company who not only filled its steamer Prentiss with passengers from Eureka without charging them one single cent for transportation, but also fed them for 48 hours without cost.

The Oakland Herald of April 24 also cites instances in marked contrast with the action of the P. C. S. S. Company and said:

Sixty thousand men, women and children have been transported to various points throughout the country free of charge by the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads up to last night.

Both lines will continue the issuance of free transportation until further notice to the destitute man and wife, women, children, invalids, cripples, and in such other cases as discretion suggests justifiable and recommended by the Oakland relief committee. Able-bodied men will not be accorded free transportation, but special rates will be given according to the distance and destination.—Eureka, (Cal.) Guide.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

Who Pulls the string On gentle Spring?

Last of all, a relief train load of adjectives should be sent to the exhausted headline builders.

Probably Mr. Roosevelt was convinced the Federal court needed a little chastising, even with a muck rake.

John L. Sullivan is alleged to have offered Dowie a thousand a week to appear with him in a vaudeville turn. It is suggested that they would do well in a turn entitled "The Havebeens."

It isn't that the unscrupulous Russians cleverly hooked up with the Mile. Andreva bait that makes us wrathful, but that they should have sized up us New Yorkers beforehand for gudgeons and baited accordingly.

It is rather annoying for the congress which has been investigating why the Panama Canal is not finished to have Taft shout up at them that he can't in on the canal till Congress decides kind it shall be.

nts makes a good report of Panama and a correspond- deal for progress on the in determining on what ness at Panama shall

standing on have been has been earth e fu- iter

Bowser Shows His Authority

He Undertakes to Make His Neighbors Clean the Snow Off Their Walks.

IS MET WITH OPPOSITION

Overpowered at Last by the Denizens at the Suburb and Dumped Into a Snowdrift.

(Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

It had been snowing all day long, and when Mr. Bowser reached home at 6 o'clock in the evening "the beautiful" was nearly a foot deep on street and sidewalk.

"Well, this has been a storm," said Mrs. Bowser by way of salutation.

"Yes, I am glad of it. I have been waiting for just such an opportunity."

"How do you mean?"

"There isn't a sidewalk cleared betwixt this house and the corner. There won't be for two days. It was so all last winter. As soon as I can swallow my dinner I shall clear our own walk, and then I will try to find out whether we have laws and ordinances in this town. I think I'll astonish some folks within the next two hours."

"If you will leave the walk until morning I'll hire a couple of boys to clean it off. If you go out there and work for an hour you'll be all bunged up."

"The walk will be cleaned tonight," said Mr. Bowser in aggressive tones.



MR. BOWSER WAS A HUSTLER.

"Not only our walk, but those of our neighbors. I haven't got so superannuated that I can't do half an hour's work with a snow shovel without its bunging me up."

Mrs. Bowser said no more until they were half through dinner. Then she observed:

"No one begins cleaning off his walk until it stops snowing."

"It was beginning to let up when I came in," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Aren't you afraid that working with the snow shovel will give you a lame back?"

"Look here, woman, can't you let a matter rest? I told you when I first came in that I was going to clean our walk. When our walk is cleaned I am going to make it my business to find out why other folks don't clean theirs. Nothing you can say or do will prevent me."

"But how can you boss other folks around?"

"Wait and see. There is an ordinance that says the walks shall be kept clear of snow. I obey it. I will see that others obey it."

"And raise a row and have your name in the papers again."

"I don't care 2 cents for all the papers in the United States. If I have to obey the snow ordinance, other folks shan't escape. Last winter, when hardly a walk around us was cleared, a great big fat policeman came along and threatened to have me in court because about a shovelful of snow remained on ours. Let the discussion end right here."

It did. He went upstairs and got on an old suit and then armed himself with the snow shovel and began work. The storm had about ceased, and three four householders on the other side the street were also seizing the opportunity. Mr. Bowser was a hustler he snow shovel, and at the end of quarters of an hour he struck a all along the walk. He was nted on his enterprise by the plans abroad, but he was ck his shovel into the through the gate of his right and up the family and he name. He had the a hot

door. I have just cleaned my walk, and dog my cats if I'm going to wade through your snow because you are too

lazy to clean it off. You either get out here with a shovel and hump yourself or I'll have you in court tomorrow."

"What? What's that?" shouted the peppery little man as he danced around. "You dare to come here and threaten me? Off my steps and out of my yard, you old guy, or I'll give you the boot!"

Mr. Bowser went. He knew that he could chew the little man up in two minutes, but he also realized that a row so near home would bring out Mrs. Bowser and the cat. He left the yard and entered that of the people on the left. He knew that their name was Blunt, but he didn't know much else about them. It was Mrs. Blunt who answered his ring.

"Madam, is your husband home?" was asked.

"What's that to you?" was the reply. "I haven't come here to collect a bill, and I am not a detective looking to arrest him."

"And do you mean to insult us?" she demanded as she looked around for a broomstick.

"By no means. I simply wanted to ask your husband when he was going to clean the snow off his sidewalk."

"Oh, I see. And is that any of your business? Do you think that we are idiots or children that we can't attend to our own affairs? If my husband was home he'd give you a lift into the street."

"If your husband was home I'd tell him a thing or two," said Mr. Bowser. "The idea that—"

But the idea didn't pan out. The door was slammed against his toes, and he had to turn and descend the steps. He knew the second house on his left to be occupied by a family named Holt. The husband was cross eyed and the wife red headed, but Mr. Bowser did not take these things into consideration.

Mrs. Bowser and the cat appeared at his own door, and Mrs. Bowser called to him that she smelled smoke in the house and wanted him to come home and look around for fire, but he waved her away and proceeded to make his third call. The man and his wife had just been having a hot dispute as to whether the earth was round or flat, and they both answered the door in hopes that it was a tramp whom they could kick.

"Well?" queried the Holt family as Mr. Bowser entered the hall.

"Did you know that it had been snowing all day?" he asked in reply.

"Certainly."

"And that there is a foot of snow on your walk?"

"Sure, Mike."

"And that it is your duty under the ordinance to clear it off?"

"Not by a darned sight! If our snow bothers you clear it off yourself."

"Do you mean to say that you will let it lie there for the next three or four days?"

"We do. It can lie there for the next three or four years."

"By thunder, but it won't!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he turned away. "You either get out with your shovel within fifteen minutes or I'll have you hauled into court and smartly fined."

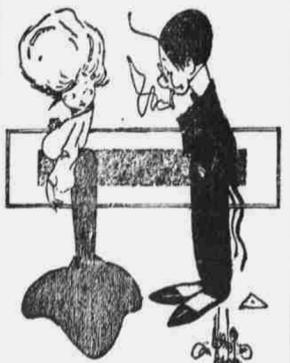
He was told to go to that land where snow melts as fast as it falls, and he waded down the steps and out of the yard. Mrs. Bowser made another effort. She said she thought the gas meter was out of order and all the water pipes busted and that if he didn't attend to things right away there would be an awful tragedy, but Mr. Bowser couldn't be turned from the path of duty.

He was standing at his own gate and drawing a long breath for another call when the peppery little man and his wife rushed out from one side and the cross eyed man and his red headed wife from the other, and at the same time two men pedestrians came along. It wasn't a conspiracy nor a put up job, but all jumped on Mr. Bowser at once. He fought gamely, but he was overpowered. He was lifted up and driven head first into a snowdrift, and one of the men seized the shovel and added more snow, while the others packed it down. It was ten minutes after they disappeared before the buried man resurrected himself and entered his own house.

"Well, what about the ordinance?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Not a word from you—not a single word!" he whispered as he pointed a finger at her. "I see your fine Italian hand in this, and I know my remedy. Tomorrow morning, woman—tomorrow morning we consult our respective lawyers and you go home to your mother!" M. QUAD.

His One Chance.



He—Can't you give me just a little encouragement? She—Why, yes. A girl friend of mine told me the other day that she'd marry a old thing.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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